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500 Prizes to be Given Away with each Cash Purchase of \$5.00 (Groceries excepted).

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Gent's Fur Coat.	-	-	-	-	value	\$50 00	Lady's Mantle	-	-		value, \$3	35 00
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Lady's Fur Sett,							Gent's Fine Overcoat,	-		-	" ]	17 00
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The Sale commences at once, and will continue until the eyening of the 15th January, when the Prizes will be distributed.

The scheme of distribution is one in which no possible advantage can be taken, a duplicate being left at the . Sun " office to avoid any misunder-

Every \$5,00 purchase secures a ticket and prize. Orders ba mail promptly attended to, for which an outside party will make a drawing if desired.

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THE FAR OFF YUKON.

Proceeds, N.W.I., Dec. 27.—William of States of the States of the

A. E. Thompson, batcher; s; Harden & Graham, batcher Falconer, hardware; Cowan, druggist; Butchart, hardware;

And the Bave Be Crusted Bown for Springwells. We wish him to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell have the sympathy of Tehan will escaped from the their little child; they having recently bried

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CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, CLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP, ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.



That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,
Whether, Interest of Early, Whether Interest of Early, Whether Interest of Early, Whether Interest of Early, and CFLI, Dept. Whompeg, Man



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Campbell's Cathartic Compound Cures Chronic Constination, Costiveness, and all Complaints

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## THE WHEEL OF THE WORLD.

## BRANDON PRESBYTERY.

## Business Transacted at the Regular December Meeting.

The Preslaytery of Brandon ind its regular meeting in Knox church, Portage, Dec. 11th at 19 36. The Moderator being absent Mr. Blodges was appointed to preside. The court was opened in the regular way. Mr. Haig was appointed to act as clerk till Mr. Murray arrived. It was agreed to take up the ducussion of the practical questions agreed upon, at a former meeting for Wednesday evening. It was agree that a loan not exceeding \$650 he recommended to the favorable consideration of the church and mission burbling board, to be applied on a manse at Glemboro.

# AGILDED SIN.

THA M. CLAY.

"Your father was a great friend

of Sir Jasper's, she tells me."
Veronica made no reply. She could not tell him the truth, but she would speak no false word to him—never one. He continued: "I care nothing about your fortune,

"I care nothing about your fortune, sweetheart. I am a rich man—so rich shart I am troubled at times to know how to spend my money. I lay it all at your fect. You are mistress of everything that belongs to me. When will you come to me, my Veronica? You have nothing to wait for. Do not be unkind and send you ways."

She made no answer. In her heart she wished to be with him, but the very conficusness of it prevented her from

"This is July," he said; "shall we say "This is July," he said; "shall we say Speciaber, Veronica?" Shangreed, and Sir Mare was so de-shangreed, and Sir Mare was so determined to keep her to her word that he went at once in search of Lady Bran-don and told her. He brought her back with him to where Veronica still stood under the limes.

"I leave my interests in your hands, Lady Brandon," he said. "I shall return, with your permission, to marry Veronica on the twentieth of September. You will promise that she shall be ready?" Lady Erandon promised.

"I do not think that I can live away from her altogether until then, Lady Frandon. Will you invite me to come down in August?"

ome whenever you will, Sir Mare," tald Lady Brandon

He pressed the hand of his love.

"I have bound you, sweetheart," he id-"you can never free yourself

And, looking at his handsome face, a eyes lit with love, she said to her-if that separation from him would be

## CHAPTER IX.

August had come with its ripe, rich and, the fruit hung in the orchards, to gardons were a blaze of color, the arley and the corn were ready for the goers. Sir Mare had come down again e the Chace

Those who had seen Veronica when the first reached England would hardly eve recognized her had they seen her ow. The beautiful face had changed see. The beautiful face had changed or completely; the pale passionate love-less had deepened into something more lovely still; there was more color, as re bet blaces; the dark love lit eyes to in them the radiance of full and priect content. Love had beautiful a rayen as it and beautiful her life.

nad determined to present her with the trousecut, in I a large close that arrived that merining from Park. Yeronica looked at her magnificent gift. It did not stilke her as it would have done at mother time. She could think only of her happiness and her love. She was smilling to herself, wondering whether a girl was ever so blease I, so happy, when someone rapped gouly at her door. She looked up in surprise when her maid, Chara Morton, entered the room.

"I want to speak to you, Miss di Cyala, if you can syare time," she said.
Veronica made some courtous answer,

Veronica made some courteous answer, verenical made as the controls answer, and felt even more surprised when the girl closed the door and fastened the lock. The large long window that led to the terrace was open—neither of them thought of it.

"Why do you do that, Morton?"

Because I have that to say to you

which must be said without interrup-Veronica looked up with haughty dis-

pleasure.
"You behave very strangely," she fixedly at the girl, whose face was not pleasant to see—there was a livid light in her eyes, and air of crinding, yet of defiance, in her whole manner.

"You must listen to me, Miss di Cyn-tha," she said. "I hold a secret of yours, and I must be paid for it."

"You can have no secret of mine," returned Veronica. "But I have," said the girl. "Listen to me. I am engaged to marry John Paulding, who once lived here as head groom. We have been engaged to be married for eight years, and fortune has never once smiled on us. He saved three hundred pounds and ; a bank. The bank broke, and he was left penniless. I saved sixty pounds, and invested it in a building society, which became bankrupt. Fortune has never once smiled on us until now. Now John Paulding has an offer from a farmer in Australia. If he can go out there, and take five hundred pounds with him, we shall make our fortune."

"I do not see what this has to do with

me," interposed Veronica. "I do, Miss di Cyntha. I hold a secret of yours, and I want five hundred pounds as the price of my silence."
"You are talking nonsense, Morton.

I can only imagine that you have lost

your senses."
"You will find, on the contrary, Miss di Cyntha, that I was never more sens-ible in my life. Let me tell you what I have to say.'

Veronica looked at her. In the excitement of the interview she had risen

and confronted her.

"Come to the point at once, please,"
said Veronica. "What have you to

The girl looked uneasily at her mis The gift looked uneasily at her list-tress; the color came and went in her face; her eyes drooped. Raising her head, she said suddenly: "It is for John's sake —I would do any-

thing for John.

thing for John."
Veronica gave a sigh of resignation.
What this strange scene meant she could not tell, but it would end at some time no doubt. Morton heard the sigh.
"You are impatient, miss," said she. "I am coming to the matter.

I do not like to speak of it to you, you have been a kind mistress to me. But it is for John's sake—I would do anything

"Will you be kind enough just to come to the point?" said Veronica.
"I will," answered Clara Morton.

Yet Veronica saw that she had to sum-

mon all her courage, to make a most desperate effort. She looked up at her. "You remember Sir Jaspers death, Miss di Cyatha? You remember the day aster it? Though it was a warm June day, you would have a fire in your

Veronica started; her face grew white,

a low cry came from her lips.

"Go on," she said to the girl, who had pause I abruptly when she saw the change in her mistress's lace.

"That very day, miss, I thought there was something wrong," she said. "Why should you want a fire when the June sun was shining so warmly? I said to myself that you had something to burn." Another low cry came from Veronica. Morico continuel:

Morion continued:

Morion continued:

"1-you will be very angry with me,
Miss di Cyntha—I watched you; I knelt
down and looked through the key-hole.
The key was in the lock, so that I could
not see much, but I saw distinctly a roll
of parchment in your hands, and I saw
you put it on the dee, I saw it begin to
burn, and I was wild to know whit it
was. All at once I bed an idea that you
were destroying something that belonged
to Sir Jasper, and was determined to

know."

She paused, while the beautiful face gaing into herse grow deadly white, and not answered a knock at her door and large check had arrived hat meeting from Paris. Yeronica cooled at her magnificent gift, It did not answered a knock at her door at nother time. She could think only of exchanges and her love, "he was unifing to herself, wondering whether a if was ever so blessed, so happy, when one one rapped gardy at her door. She coked up in surprise when her maid, large Martin, contered the prome.

She bad lost all the contents of the world when her maid, large Martin, contered the prome. She bad lost all the profiles to discount of the parents of the

I can form so idea why you dit itas for your own interest. They said in servinits' hall that Sir Jasper had left on money; perhaps the will you deroyed took it from you."

There was a flash as of fire from the content of the content o

"Again, Sir Mars, I say that you are unjust. I have not mentioned what I saw to anyone, and I never will; but you must give me five hun-fred pounds for keeping your secret. Give me that, and I will promise, I will swear that no alluston to what I have seen shall ever passay lips. Give me that an i I will bring he charred fragment to you. I do not wish to harm you, but I root lense has even me this chance and I must make he most of it. From that one moment the most of it. From that one moment I said to myself that I would keep your secret until I could use it. Give me five hundre I pounds, and I will be as faith-

en the power of speech came to

ven if I would condescend to bribe you," she said, "I could not; I have not five hundred pounds of my own in the

You have a rich 'aver," returned the

girl, with a signideant swile. "sir Mare would give you anything in the world—his heart's blood if you needed it."

"Hush!" said Veronica, sternly. "I will not allow you to say such words."

"You may do what you like, raiss—I shall keep to my word. If you give me five hundred pounds, I will never reveal your secret: if not, I will betray it."

"What if I refuse!" said Veronica.
"Tell me the worst." In her heart she knew the worst must come; it was as

impossible for her to find five hundred pounds as it would have been to find five thousand.

"The worst is, that if I fail to get the money from you, I must try to find out who is the next most interested in the matter. There is one thing that you cannot deny, Miss di Cyntha—you burned the will." She paused with a sudden cry.

Unperceived by either, Sir Marc had entered through the open window, and stood with a horror-stricken face, listen-ing to the last few terrible words.

With an air of tecrible bewilderment e looked from one to the other; Veron-ca was white as death, the servant-girl asolent in the full triumph of her acmsoient in the full triumph of her accession, in the knowledge of her victory. Veronica looked round when she saw the sudden dawn of fear in the girls eyes. She uttered no cry when she saw her lover, but a cold terrible shudder seized her. He came to her and took hechand. "What is the matter, Veronica? Why do you allow her to insult you?" "Trath is no insult Six More."

Trath is no insult, Sir Mare," put in

"Say the word, and I will send for a policeman, and will give her into custody. I heard a little of what has passed, and I see she is trying to extort money from you—why not order her from the

li, why not?" cried Morton, in-tly. "As you say, Sir Marc, why

"I take the duty upon myself," he said; "I order you not only to quit the room, but to quit the house. Lady Brandon will approve of what I have done when she hears of your conduct."

"I shall not leave the room, Sir Mare,"
the replied quiety, "until I have Miss di
Cyntha's answer! She knows what I
want; let her say if she will give it to

"You know that I cannot," she ans-

Sir Marc looked at her in bewilder-

"Surely you are not willing to com-promise with this woman, Veronica? She must be punished—any attempt to extort money is a crime that the law punishes very severely. Do not speak to her—leave her to me."

Then be prused in bewil lered wonder; Then he putted in bewill lered wonder; there was something he did not understand—a shruking feer in Veronica's face and an insolent triumph in the maid's. Where was the in ligration, the just anger, that she should feel? What rould it mean? With a restless, uneasy gaze he looked from one to the other. The dark eyes of the woman he loved had never met his own.

'I heard what ressel," he said. "I

any socia quistion," he replied.

"Then you are unjust," she said. "You are use of beinging a false charge; ask. Miss di Cyntha whether that charge is true or false—she will not deny it if you ask her."

Sir Marc, who accuses me of bringing a false charge, whether you destroyed that will or not.

"I can tell you no more than this, that I swear to Heaven that I saw her do it, and that I have the proofs," cried the maid. "I should not speak so plainly before you, Sir Mare, but that hush-credible! Did any one else know?"

"I can tell you no more than this, that I of my own accord burned that will."

force at Heaven, "he cried, "It is incredible! Did any one else know?"

"I can't tell you no more than this, that
I of my own accord burned that will."

"I can't tell you no more than this, that
I of my own accord burned that will."

"I can't tell you no more than this, that
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I of my own accord burned that you no more than this, that
I of my own accord burned that you no more than this, that
I of my own accord burned that you no my no m money will do from you as well as from

Then Veronica spoke, she went up to him, and without looking at him, she said:

said:
"Will you send that woman away,
Marc? I shall die if she remains here.
I will speak to you when she is gone."
It struck him with a pang more bitter

the walls, nothing will save you from

"And nothing will save Miss dj Cyntha from penal servitude," she rejoined.

The woman's persistence in her story astounded him, while Veronica's silence bewildered him. It could not be true— of course it was false; but it was evident from her silence that there was a mys-

'Hush!" The white lips had opened again, and a voice that was unlike any ha had ever heard ame to him in the sunlit silence. "Do not drive her to ex-tremes. Send her away."

Then Sir Mare, pointing to the door,

"Go! Leave the house: but wait for me at the railway station at Hurstwood.
I will see you there."
The woman left the room, and he took

Veronica in his arms.

"Sweetheart," he said, "what is this

"Sweetheart." he said, "what is this mystery? Why did you not deny that woman's outrage ons charges? My Versonica burn a will! You cannot think how it has distressed me." He kissed the white cold face, which looked as though neither warmth nor color could ever bright in itagain; his heart was full of keen, intolerable pain. "There is some mystery, Veronica," he went on; "I can see that. Tell me what it is."
"I cannot," she said.
And the two simple words were more terrible to him than any others.
"At least, my darling," he pleaded, tell me that it is not true. I cannot endure that you should remain silent under such a charge; it is unwo namly almost—deny it. I ask no explanation of the mystery; my sweetheart sind be as free and unfet.

my sweetheart shall be as free and unfo tered as the wind that blows. But I do ask this-deny those horrible words," 1

Then she looked at him with the pellor of death on her face. She tried to speak lightly, but her lips trembled, She tried to smile, but the smile died ways.

She tried to smile, but the smile died ways.

What if I could not deny it, Mare?"

His face flamed hotly.
"Great Heaven, Veronica," he cried, "do not jest over such a subject as this—do not jest about a crime! I could not have thought you capable of such light words.

"I am not jesting," she answered, faintly: "I never thought of doing so," She saw his face grow stern and his eyes take a cold, hard expression.

"Veronica," he said, "answer me one question—it is your own fault that I have to ask it—is the woman's charge true? She says that she holds proofs—is it true? Tell me—did you burn a will or did you not? Answer me."

She knew that it would be useless to she knew that would be useless to resist her fate even if she could lie – Morton would produce the charred fragments as evidence. She — Veronica—would not attempt to screen herself. He must think what he would, "Did you destroy a will, Veronica?" he repeated, "Answer me — I shall go

mad with suspense.

She raised her white face to his, and

spoke slowly:
"It is quite true," the said: "I did burn
Sir Jusper Frandon's last will and testament; yet, litten—i would deny it if I
dated, but if that woman holds those

fatal proofs it is useless."

He drew back from her as though she had stabled, him.

"You do not mean it. I am sure," ho sald—"you cannet mean it—it would be too horrible. You are saying it to try my love—only for that—to try my faith,

"Wrs it so great a crime?" she asked

simply.
"A crime?" he repeated: "The per-"A crime?" he repeated: "The per-son who could even ask such a question must be dead to all sense of honor and shame. A crime? I should place it next to murder."

"I did not know it," she said softly; "I never thought of that,"
the looked at her in horror,

"Then you did it—you really and truly did it, Veronica?" he said.

"Yes, I did it, Mare," she replied sadly.
"What was the reason? Why did you motive? Tell

"What was the reason: why may you do it? What was your motive? Tell me that I may understant."
"I cannot do that," she replied sadly, "I can tell you no more than this, that can tell you no more than this, that

The Clasticas enterainment in conne with St. Mattlews church was held in Hall on New Years evening. The room filled to overflowing and a happy time spent. The pr gramme consisted of songs by the choir of the school just before the present It struck him with a pang more bitter than death that she had never once denied the charge.

"Go," he said to Morton; "leave Miss di Cyntha's presence, and never dare to seek it again. Leave this house at once. If in one hour from now you are within

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